Of all who lyuyes/they vse to leue the best
Lyue on no goodnes/do be their desyres rest

Cordon.

What is the desyre/and purpos principall
Chefely frequented/ amonge these courtes all
And for what reward/take they suche helpes

Comix.

Of that colde Codrus/the trouth to the expres
And I shall tell the/ as true as the gospell
After lyke maner/ as I herd Codrus tell
Who that remayne by lynge or princis syde
Endure great payues/ haue thinges to prouyde
Who that in court/ may one of them purchace
Thinketh to haue won a pleasant gyft to grace
The first is honour/ I tolde the of this same
The seconde is laude/hye name or worldly fame
The thyrde is power/myght or auctorite
The fourth is ryches/chefe rote of dygnite
The fyft is pleasour/lust and voluptuousnes
For these/do men selue vnto the court doubtes
Beside these be some/but they be fall vn thyn
Resortynge to court/there fables for to lyue
Do moche more inerye/supposing to optayne
Moche more they byde/of dyspleasour & payne
Of these shall be my communication

Cordon

Now lyue on cornix/lyuyth goddes benesson.

Comix

[illegible] experyence
[illegible] of captaynes

In supportacyon/of right and equite
Or in defendynge the churche and comonte
Or other actes/common or pryuate
Which sounde to vertuthe/these make a true estate
But suche true honour/fewe pryces do deserue
And manye do thyr/whiche in the court theim serue
Sith all almoste/be of myn gouernaunce
For no good dede they/accept it be by chaunce

Coridon

yet at the leste thay suche men reputed be
Wen of great honour/amonge the comonte
For whyle suche walke/in court or in strete
Eche man inclynyth/whiche theim doth se or mete
Of gothe the bonet/in berke at euery worde
Eche man must nedys/gyue place vnto my lorde
After his degre/birth/ or promocyon
Suche of the comons/haue saluacion
And shortly to say/men do them more honour
Than to the figure/ of Christe our sauyour

Comix

It is as thou sayst/forsoth my Coridon
But harke what they say/at last when men be gone
Than they salute them/ in the deuyls name
And pray vnto god/ that they may dye with shame
And so doth many/by torment and dolour
When fykyl fortune/fleyth on them to lowr
And suche as bothe flatter/ to them before their face
Geueth them a mocke/ when they be out of place
And one bothe whysper/ into an others ere
And saith this man/ is fuller than a fere

this same is he/ whiche by his bad counsell
alleth our prince/to be to vs to fell
this same is he/which rayleth deme and take
this same is he/whiche straineth men on racke
is same is he/ whiche calleth all this vsur
this same is he/which al our welth doth mar
is is of comons/ the verye dedly mall
whiche with theie charges/thus dothe oppres vs all
o hym displeseth/ he beteth all to dust
this same is he/which killeth whom hym lust
all the deuyls/of hell/ hym hence carry
hat we no lenger/ endure his tyranny
ys the honour/and al the reuerence
hym vnto them/whan they be frome presence
in suche honour/who euer hathe bene
whiche is stalwoorthfull/so sayne and vnpartyte
am nat a ferde/to call hym mad shynde
and a very fole/or els a sot of kynde

Coridon

Comix my frende/thou speiest nouh to playne
I fere lest thys gere/shall tourne vs vnto payne
my mam be nere/he spil a whyples harke

Comix

at all/ nouh I am set on warke
this thys Coridon/in court most parte doth dwell
leeres and lyers/ Coriers of Cauell